

THE
REAPERS:
OR THE
ENGLISHMAN
OUT OF
PARIS.
AN
OPERA.

LONDON:

Printed for T. CARNAN, in St. Paul's Church-Yard.

M DCC LXX.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

THE
REAPERS

OR THE
ENGLISHMAN

OUT OF
P I S



A N
O P E R A

L O N D O N

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TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE following Scenes, (with the exception of one or two of them,) are a Translation, or rather an imitation, of a Piece, entitled, *Les Moissonneurs*; published at Paris 1768, with this approbation annexed to it.

“ By order of the Vice-Chancellor, I have read *Les Moissonneurs*. Had no other entertainments been ever represented on our Theatres but such as this, the opinion of the dangerous tendency of frequenting them, had never been asserted; but Moralists, even the most severe, would have employed the same zeal in exhorting us to repair thither, which they now shew to prevent our appearing there.”

Such was the testimony borne to the Original in France; and, it is hoped, that (whatever else the damage,) the purity of it has not suffered; nor the aim of its Author counteracted in the Translation.

B

D R A.

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Allworthy.

Dolival. Nephew to Allworthy.

Trusty. Servant to Allworthy.

Roger, }
Nichols, } two old Reapers.

Constable, and his Men.

A Stranger.

W O M E N.

Godiva.

Rosina. Daughter-in-law to Godiva.

Goody Nichols, }
Goody Dobson, } Reapers.
Goody Jenks, }

Other Men and Women Reapers.

Attendants on the Constable.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by ROGER.

S Arvant, Surs;—an' yau, foine Leadies.— (*bows.*)
(Edad ! they'n put aut boath min' eyeses) (*bems.*)

“ For hus, an' for aur Cummuddi”—

(That's reight,—what's next tho' ?— I, I, I—)

[Turns to the Prompter, nods, and goes on.]

“ For hus, an' for aur Cummuddi,”

“ I beg yaur haring, paatiently.” (*bows.*)

Sma' wit ye'll foind ;—noa dubbul ontondurs,

I think thay're caald :—noa Alixzondurs,

Nor Dee—dows we, in gav apparril

To lof, and cry, and squawl, and quarril :

Poar, seimpul sawls ; in lauly guise ;

Prisent them sels, befoar yer eyes ;—

I mun na say,—*to mack ye wise.*

But seance boath Lourd, an' Laady, daigns,

For frolic's seek, to visit swains ;

Will umm thair ditties on the waal ;

From time, an' smuke, scarese legibbaal :

With Goody Jenks, a joke will craack ;

So free ;—so sweet ;—good laack ! good lack !

Will teast ur poyes ; an' smock thay'r lips ;

An' feath ! may think um gud, may-haps :

Soa naw,—enjoy the frolic here in tawn ;

Let this, aur whomely fare, to neet go dawn ;

Nur damp aur meerth, wi' won unkindly frawn.

THE

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THE
REAPERS:

OR THE
ENGLISHMAN *out* of PARIS.

A fine Country in prospect. In the front Corn-fields. On one side, Hills, covered with trees: on the other, a Cottage. A large old Mansion-house at a little distance.

ACT I. SCENE I.

GODIVA is discovered sitting on a bench, at day-break, spinning and singing. A lamp at the cottage-door lights her and ROSINA, who is seen measuring corn within.

AIR I.

Godiva. *AND, O, the time passes, passes;
Thread through these fingers less fleet;
Let us then be wise, and well use it;
For kings, than for us, not less meet.*

*O! when my good man sat by me,
My neighbours all envied my joy!
But happiness here, will not tarry,
It flees,— and resigns us to woe.*

*But then, the time passes, passes;
Thread through these fingers less fleet,
Let us but take care, and well use it;
For kings, than for us, not less meet.*

GODIVA, having finished the flax on the distaff, rises and comes forward. ROSINA comes out to her.

Ros. Look, my dear mother,—here is exactly what I gleaned yesterday.

Godi. What a quantity!

Ros. And I went no farther than Mr. Allworthy's fields;—he's a very good man, I think:

Godi. He is, indeed:—but take care of your health, my love:—you are of a make too tender and delicate, for such employments.

Ros. O, no!—it does not hurt me.—Should not one do every thing in one's power?—But I may put out the lamp, I believe?—Its light enough to see without it.

Godi. Do, my child:—the poor must feel the least expence. (*Ros. goes*) What a situation! (*Rosina returns without putting out the lamp.*)

Ros. You sighed, my mother!

Godi. I could not help it.—'Tis sad to see you labour thus for me!

Ros.

Ros. It is my choice,—my pleasure!—To see you weep, is all the pain I know:—were you at ease,—what should hinder my being as happy as yon lark?

A I R II.

When first the dawn o'erstreaks the skies,

The birds their carols join;

The bees fly joyful from their hives

To seek the flow'ry thyme:

These cull the sweets, those pick the grain,

Which Nature's hand pours down;

The gleaner quits her homely cot,

Contented with her humble lot,

And shares in Nature's boon.

The gleaner quits, &c.

Godi. Sweet bird!—Sweet bee!—How like her father?—*Rosin'*,—I fain would call thee *Melincour*,—but must not!

Ros. Why not? it was my father's name.

Godi. Thy father's name most sure; and, therefore lov'd;—but suits not us at present. In this village; some few there are who knew me formerly; and are, perhaps,—too much inclin'd to think me, what,—I am not:—I would not wish to make myself and you, more frequently the subject of their babbling envy, by assuming that name: drop *this*, and they'll soon o'erlook us.

Ros. I think you say I was born in Italy?

Godi.

Godi. You were ;—your father married there the fair *Celeste*,—virtuous, not rich ;—thy father was not rich.

Ros. No !—was he not a merchant ?

Godi. Yes, my *Rosina* ; he was.—Law, or an appearance of law,—depriv'd him, when about nineteen, of the greatest part of an estate, which he was brought up with the notion of inheriting :—feeble minds, sit down with folded hands under misfortunes :—or, still more abject ;—can eat the bread of *shame* ;—which insolence doles from the great man's table.—Not so your father :—he chose to employ, the little that was left him, in trade ; and, had he lived,—you would not need to have glean'd for me, *Rosina* ! (*sighs*)

Ros. O, there's nothing in that !—Was I their only child ?

Godi. You were :—your mother died the moment you were born.

Ros. Alas !—How I should have loved her :—but you are my mother : (*looking tenderly upon her*) you loved me ; and took care of me ; and taught me ;—what could she have done more for me ? Nor did a step-mother's coldness e'er damp, my growing love for you.

Godi. (*after a pause*) I never was ambitious.—Born with better prospects ;—in that cottage, (my sole inheritance,—these hands my sole support,) I liv'd contented. When *Melinour* ;—unpractis'd in those arts ; which make unwary maidens oft a prey, to vile seduction,—offer'd me his hand, in lawful marriage ;—I urged, and strongly, how much the world would censure such a choice :—my frankness only serv'd

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to fix him more:—we married,—and were happy.

Ros. But why would he go back to *Italy*?

Godi. My sweet soul, almost all his effects lay in that country; and he went to bring them over; with an intent, to remain in England, but Providence——

(Truſty ſinging without being ſeen.

Come away my brave boys, come away;

See yonder the ſun how it dawns:

(Reapers, unſeen.

To our work we will go,

For our Maſter we know,

And he'll pay us all well for our pains, our pains,

And he'll pay us all well for our pains.

Godi. My *Rosina*, a thought has juſt ſtruck into my mind which may be of uſe to you:—Mr. *Allworthy*, and your father, were couſin germans.

Ros. Indeed!

Godi. They were:—his name was *Melincour* till he changed it, about a year ago, on coming to the eſtate he now lives at. A law-ſuit between their two fathers, occaſioned an irreconcilable enmity between the families; but, notwithſtanding that, Mr. *Allworthy* ſeems to be ſo very good a man, that I fancy, if you were to make yourſelf known to him——

Ros. O, no,—I cannot!

Godi. But why ſo, my child?

Ros. Indeed, I cannot!—I am ſure Mr. *Allworthy* is a generous, charitable gentleman:—all the village ſtrives who ſhould ſpeak beſt of him;—but that doe

not signify :—if I should go to him and say,—I am a poor relation, Sir ; it might make him angry ; and I would not for the whole world displease him.

Godi. It is possible.—Vanity often finds its account in giving largely, when under no obligation ; but indigent cousins are a sort of creditors ; who come with lawful demands upon you ;—no wonder if they often find but a cool reception.

Ros. The more the pity.—But my dear mother ;—was there nothing left for you, when my father lost his life, and money, in that sad storm ?

Godi. Yes, my *Rosina* ;—the law leaves to me a small dowry ; but I cannot avail myself of it without injury to others,—the tradesman and the labourer :—and how can I eat that bread in peace, which I take from their children ?—standing, it may be,—in want of it ? —No,—I will resign all my right to them, and the consciousness that I shall thereby discharge all the demands on *Melincour's* honesty, and honour, will more than repay me :—I feel not poverty, but on your account !

SCENE II.

Enter TRUSTY singing, Reapers following.

To your work, my brave boys, to your work ;

Lo, yonder the sun how it shines :

Reapers. To our work we will go,

For our Maister we know ;

And he'll pay us all well for our pains, our pains,

He'll pay us all well for our pains.

Trusty.

Truf. Hark ye, young man,—come hither;—thou art i'th' prime o' life,—stout, and strong;—and so art thou,—and thou:—exart yer sels, and pay the debt nature requires o' ye.—As to yau, good fo'ks, that age, and sickness, has made but weakly; why—d'ye see,—bind the sheaves up,—or, mack the bands for um:—there's none of us so old but we may be good for summut. But where's th' overseer now, to put um i' their reight places?—tardy,—tardy! always tardy. Odsbuddikins, I'll strike off a quarter of a day's wages fro' all that come nut at th' reight time,—I'll teach um. *(seems busy directing the Reapers.)*

Ros. They are coming from all parts,—I'll go, I think.

Godi. Do, my child; and while you are in the field, I'll do what I can within doors. *(Ex. God. and Ros.)*

Truf. Why naw,—here's not all my folks, yet!—where's those, there, same Irish I hir'd yesterday?—asleep I'll warrant 'em!—I'll—— *(going.)*

SCENE III.

Enter ALLWORTHY and Reapers.

Allw. Why, here they are, *Trusty*:—thou art always angry too soon:—better to allure to hard labour than fright from it:—these honest people came a long way this morning; and it seemed, to me, right to recruit their spirits with a good breakfast, before they came into the field;—no harm in that, I hope?

Truf. I wonder who was to do their wark i'th' mean while?

Allw. An odd creature!—Why, they are going to do it; and will do it well I dare say for them. Angry—angry!

Truf. I'm ne'er angry, nut I, but when its about yaur business: I can howd my tongue as well as an-nuther;—come away. (*Exeunt Trusty and Reapers.*)

Allw. Ha, ha, ha,—I know thee—and I love thee; a rough countenance, but a feeling heart. What a morning!—and—what a prospect!

(*pointing to the Reapers, who are seen cutting down the corn.*)

A I R III.

*Happy they! who blest with ease,
Taste the joys retirement brings:
Find, in humble roofs, the peace
Unfound in palaces of kings.*

*Far from envy, far from noise;
Fields paternal, all their care:
Joyful see the corn-ricks rise,
But leave to indigence its share.*

*Nature here, with bounteous hand
Pays,—o'er pays, the lab'rer's pain:
Greatness plows the barren sand;
And finds ingratitude its gain.*

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter DOLIVAL.

Dol. Your servant, uncle.

Allw. What, *Dolival*! and at such an hour! (*salutes him*) I did not expect you so early in the year.

(*Dol. while he is talking, looks here and there, though seemingly without design.*

Dol. I was impatient to see you, Sir;—very impatient:—I intended to have been here the last night, but a friend I call'd upon would not let me stir: I've left him asleep for it however this morning:—a short visit only, now, Sir:—a little business in hand,—that wont let me stay long with you,—a few days or so, Sir;—but how are the partridges uncle? I long to let fly at them.

Allw. Partridges, *Dolival*!—you see the corn is not cut down yet; and I should be sorry to have either my own, or my neighbour's, damaged.

Dol. I kept a pretty sharp look-out as I whirl'd along this morning, but neither could see game, nor game-keeper.

Allw. My game-keepers are all there.

(*pointing to the Reapers.*

Dol. Oh—the poor souls! they mind their digging and delving more than the game,—you care not, I fancy, who poaches on your ground?

Allw. You mistake, Sir,—I think it right to discourage poaching, for the sake of the poacher, as well for the preservation of the game; but I own, I am
not

not so much on the *qui vive*, in that particular, as some of my neighbours;—and yet my table is well served.

Dol. But you have not the pleasure of killing it yourself, Sir; the only pleasure of a true sportsman.

A I R IV.

*My dogs I take out by the dozen,
My valets they beat e'ery bush,
The de'els in the bird if I miss one,
From partridge, and pheasant, to thrush.*

Allw. My black-birds too?

Dol. Why, faith, Sir, if the fools will come in my way, I must have a flap at them.

Allw. The tyrant! (*aside*) My dear nephew, I love you,—and I pity you;—pity your very pleasures: how far does my calm out-weigh all your turbulent enjoyments.

Dol. Such a calm might do well enough at four-score, Sir; but, at five and thirty——

Allw. I ought to play the fool you think:

Dol. But that *sameness*, uncle;—one grows sick of it.—You never have any company.

Allw. Frequently:—look there.

(*pointing to the Reapers.*)

Dol. There!—But what sort of company can they be for you, Sir?

Allw. Excellent! and I rate it accordingly. Those people, *Dolival*, both you, and I may be the wiser for: *they* have their province wherein to set up for our instructors, no less than *you*, yours; which the most
useful

useful to society, I think I may leave it even with *you* to determine. You seem to despise them, my friend?—I see you do:—what shall we say, should they prove our creditors? and that for our very bread?

Dol. Oh dear, Sir!—this is talking——

Allw. *Strangely*, I suppose you mean, Sir,—but, not less true:—with the sweat of their brows they purchase it for us.—And yet,—marvellous ingratitude!—how often do we see these, our benefactors, become the unhappy victims of the lawless sons of riot? Encumberers of that earth, which the other cultivate for our advantage!—Luxury,—exalted into a science,—must be supported;—debts—of honour,—paid;—the tenant is oppress'd; and the labourer returns home without his hire:—but, beware *Dolival*;—ruin, though it may begin with these, seldom ends with them:—the deep mortgage will soon reduce to a level.

Dol. To be sure, Sir,—dem it!—where the devil has he got this queer way of thinking? (*aside*) to be sure: but *dress* uncle,—reason, as well as custom, requires *that* should be conformable to our rank; but yours, Sir, is that of the farmer.

Allw. I have the honour to be one at present, and dress accordingly.

Dol. In many respects, your very servants are as well off.

Allw. A good master, *Dolival*, should always consider himself, as the father of his family: but my house, nephew?—have you nothing to say to my house?

Dol.

Dol. O, a dungeon Sir ;—a dungeon :—every thing just the same, I suppose, as it was the last year ?—I wish you would let me send you down an architect and surveyor, to make your house, and its environs, a little more upon the modern :—twenty or thirty thousand pounds,—I must not fright him, (*aside*) would go a great way, Sir ; and, by raising your tenants—

Allw. I thank you, Sir, for your advice,—it favours strongly of the times ;—but I would rather my house, as well as my heart, should have something of the antique in it.

Dol. O, as to that ;—a few more thousands, and you may have enough of the antique—statues, temples, columns—

Allw. No—Sir, no :—the great, and the rich, may—perhaps, *ought* to have their stately edifices ; as employing the poor,—provided we pay them,—will answer the purposes of humanity no less, than providing for them hospitals :—nay, to prevent evil is generally deemed the most eligible ;—but, *Dolival*, my house will do extremely well for me ; and I have more than once made my friends very happy in it.

Dol. You do not understand me : I only—

Allw. I do,—I do :—my time is precious ;—take my dogs ; and *Robert* shall shew you the best ground : bid him take the terriers with him ; and, if you can, shoot the rabbits ;—they make sad work, it seems, in neighbour *Tomson's* ground. (*going.*)

Dol. (*seeing Ros.*) There, there she is—I am transported ! (*Allw. returns.*)

Allw. What do you say, nephew ?

Dol.

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Dol. O, la Chasse ! mon oncle, la Chasse !—that's all.

Allw. Follow your own pleasures—I'll to my Reapers.

Dol. Ay, aye ; never mind me ;—your servant till dinner. [*Goes where Ros. is gleaning.*]

They retire out of sight.

Allw. (*going*) What a trifle ! if nothing worse. [*He sees Roger drinking at the fountain, and calls to him.*]
Stop, stop ;—what are you drinking ?

SCENE V.

Rog. Pewr, sweet watur, Sur ; an' fit fur a praince. Yau wod n't tak' it fru me ?

Allw. Indeed I would.—At your age ? and in such a sweat too ?—Here, *Trusty*,—

SCENE VI.

Enter TRUSTY.

Pour him out a cup of ale.

Rog. A' dear, haw gud yau are !—yer heelth, wi' a' my heart, Sur.

Allw. Thank you, *Roger*.

Rog. Ah, maister !—yer luv dus ma moar gud, than a' yer gud licker.

Allw. I am obliged to you.—*Trusty*, the sun's very hot where yon honest people are working :—what if you were to carry them to the side of the hill ? the trees will afford them a little shelter for some time.

Rog. What a maister !

[*Exit.*]

D

Allw.

Allw. Come back *Trusty*,—I'll take them thither myself; and do you go and bid them prepare a proper dinner for the Reapers: it is my birth-day; and they shall dine with me: If *Dolival* chuses to make one of the party, he may: if not,—let him have a table in the other room; and there tire himself nobly with his own company. [*Truf. goes.*] But, hark ye. [*He returns.*] *Rosina* and her mother:—I want to know something more of them:—they seem to be much esteemed; and yet I fancy they are very poor.

Truf. Haw—you would do summut for 'em?—I understand ye;—and am as ready to gi' a gud lift, to a gud deed, as onny boddy;—but can be as crofs as the devil, when I see you wrong'd. [*Exit.*]

Allw. Ha, ha, ha—that thou canst, honesty!

[*He turns to the Reapers.*]

A I R V.

Hola—hola—hola my boys;

Away to yonder glade:

The trees are nigh,

The mountains high,

And each will lend their friendly shade.

[*Turns to the audience.*]

In this, I reason's voice obey:

Who hears not reason loudly say?

“ For you they plow,

“ For you they sow,

“ They toil for you the live-long day:

“ Be

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" Be it your care,

" To take your share;

" But hold the ballance right:

" They toil for you:

" From you 'tis due;

" To make their burden light.

[*Ex. Allworthy. The Reapers follow him
expressing signs of gratitude and joy.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

D 2

ACT

 ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ROSINA. DOLIVAL catches hold of her as she comes in.

Ros. *WHY d'ye thus seize me,
And teize me,
And squeeze me,
You don't please me,
Ah! let me go:—*

Sweet, kind Sir now, pray let me go.— [Curtseys.

Dol. *Ah!—what charms I see!—*

Ros. *Not sure in me?—*

Dol. *Yes, thou fairest!—*

Ros. *Say, the poorest!—*

Dol. *I die for love of thee!—*

Ros. *Ah! kind Sir; you but flatter me.*

Dol. *Love, with its joys shall crown all thy hours,*

Ros. *Adders lie hid, beneath the fair flowers.*

Dol. *Be consenting!*

Ros. *Sad repenting!*

Dol. *I'll give thee gold in plenty: [Offers money.*

Ros. *This corn, Sir, will content me:*

Dol. *Strange delusion!*

Ros. *Right conclusion:*

Dol. *You shall not go.*

Ros. *Pray let me go.*

Dol.

Dol. 'Tis to no purpose, *Rosina*, to be so obstinate; for,—positively,—you shall not stir.

Ros. Why dear now!—I tell you, you only vex me:—let me go:—pray do, Sir! [*Curtseys.*]

Dol. Foolish!—But I tell you I love you—love you from my very soul!

Ros. And what then?—Will my loitering away my time here, do you any good?

Dol. Infinite, my sweet girl!

Ros. And will you pay me, pray, for the loss of it?

Dol. That I will;—and richly.

Ros. And would it make *you* happy, to see me spend all the days of life in doing nothing?

Dol. Upon my soul! it would.

Ros. You swear!—well now;—that is the strangest thing in the world, that you should like to see people idle! 'Tis the very contrary with me. Nothing so tiresome, as to see people doing nothing,—unless it be doing nothing myself; I would not thank you to keep *me* in idleness;—and as for the silks and ribbons you talked of—alas, Sir!—

A I R VII.

The humble Maid, in cottage bred,

No gew-gaws wants to wear:

With clean round-cap, can deck her head;

Nor asks more courtly geer.

Through-

2.

*Throughout the week, can sing and work ;
No Linnet half so gay :*

*And once a year, a queen appear ;
And dance round the May-pole in May,
And dance round the May-pole away.*

[*Running off. Dol. catches her.*

Dol. Hold—hold, *Rosina*,—you must not think to get off with a song.

Ros. Pray, Sir !—

Dol. Don't be so perverse :—only hear me.—I am persuaded, my dear *Rosina*, you were not born to slave in such a manner ;—nature, my sweet girl !—

Ros. O, but I tell you I was :—I know better than you do ; your servant. [*Going.*

Dol. I cannot part with you.—Why will you be so positive, *Rosina* ? and what a strange fancy, to refuse the offer of my heart.

Ros. Your heart, Sir ?

Dol. My heart, *Rosina* : I am in earnest.

Ros. But if you are, Sir, what is that to me ? I can do nothing with it ; not I, Sir :—your heart would be of no manner of use to me.

Dol. You don't consider, surely ? Mr. *Allworthy* is my uncle.—

Ros. I know he is.

Dol. And he loves you.

Ros. Does he ?—I wish he did !

[*Aside.*

Dol. And I, ten thousand times more !

Ros. I'm obliged to you.

[*Curtseys.*

Dol.

Dol. But I not only love you ; but I will take care of you ; and keep you : my purse shall always be ready to buy whatever you want ;—and you will be so happy ! [*Ros. shakes her head.*] What !—do not you believe me ?

Ros. My mother once told me, Sir, that I should not be too forward to believe all that's said to me : and she is a very wise woman, Sir.

Dol. But what are you afraid of ?—the pleasure that arises from *gratitude*, my *Rosina* ! that you seem so unwilling to receive any favour from me ?

Ros. No, no, Sir ;—my mother will answer for me there :—she knows the more she does for me, and the more I love her for it :—but it would not be the same from you.

Dol. And why not, my sweet girl ?

Ros. Ah—I don't know :—but I am sure it would not.

Dol. But give me a reason.

Ros. I'll call my mother, Sir :—she's older than I am ; and can better tell how to answer you. Poor soul ! she's often both sick, and lame ; and forced to do a many things, not at all fit for her :—now, Sir, if you would be so kind as to bestow your favours upon her, instead of me ; I should be vastly obliged to you !—I am young, Sir,—never mind me,—but here she is.—Just in the right time, my mother !—come along,—come along—

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter GODIVA.

—That gentleman there, is so kind,—and so civil,—I cannot tell what to say to him.

Godi. Will he be the same to an *old* woman, think you?

Ros. Oh, no doubt of it! but he'll satisfy you as to that, himself,—I'll go in. [*Exit.*

Dol. (*to Godi.*) your servant, madam; I am glad to see you.— [*She curtsies.*

Godi. [*Aside.*] *Madam!*

Dol. I've long wish'd for the pleasure of your acquaintance.

Godi. That's somewhat strange, Sir; for, 'tis very sure, I am far from being rich.

Dol. Oh—that signifies little with me: *merit* is what I seek for: and, [*She curtsies.*] I should think, *Godiva*,—that a sensible woman has it almost always in her power to make her own fortune;—I fancy—I could put you in a way of becoming very happy.

Godi. I see I am not mistaken. [*Aside.*] Very kind, Sir!—very kind!—But how can a poor, helpless woman deserve so much goodness?

Dol. Shall I tell you, *Godiva*?

Godi. Do, Sir.

Dol. You have a daughter;—a lovely daughter—

AIR VIII.

*O, how various are the charms,
In Rosin' collected:
Love has lent her all his arms;
E'ery dart new pointed:*

Nature

*Nature paints her cheeks with red,
No vermeil to deceive us :
Native tresses deck her head ;
Native smiles delight us .*

2.

*But what boots the sparkling eye ?
Lip, tho' e'er so ruddy ?
Shape, that with yon pine may vie,
And artists make their study ?
Vainly blows the sweetest rose
When from all eyes retired :
And beauty, but a blessing proves,
When by the world admired.*

Godi. A very pretty song ; and carries a pretty moral with it.—And so, Sir, you think I should *expose* my rose-bud ? [Smiling.]

Dol. Pho, pho,—what do you talk of *exposing*, *Godiva*?—Consider what you *expose* it to at present. For my part, I am amazed, how it is possible for you, who love *Rosina*, to see the charming girl destroy all her beauty, with picking up a few ears of corn for *your* subsistence : beauty,—which, but for you,—might be turned so greatly to her advantage?—On my soul,—'tis cruel in you !

Godi. And yet, she seems very well content with her way of living.

Dol. Impossible—impossible!—at the best she's only content from the want of knowing better ; and I see not how you can answer it to your conscience to keep her in such ignorance :—I know my heart bleeds for her.

Godi. Mine—often !

[Weeps.]

Dol.

E

Dol. To be sure!—but why not apply the remedy then?—Bless me!—how many sober, *pious* families might one find in *London*, where *Rosina* might live creditably.

Godi. Of your acquaintance, Sir?

Dol. O, yes, yes:—I know several who wou'd be vastly delighted to have such a one along with them;—they would doat upon her!—No place madam, like *London*, for virtue to find its reward.

Godi. To be sure:—but there is one difficulty.

Dol. What difficulty?

Godi. *Rosina* will never be prevailed upon to leave her mother.

Dol. Never fear:—leave that to me:—I'll reason with her.

Godi. She knows it makes all the comfort of my life to have her along with me:—It glads my very heart, Sir; to see the sweet innocent come tripping, and singing, with a sheaf on her head!—*you* cannot guess what *I* feel.

Dol. O, yes, yes,—I know very well.—

Godi. Besides,—she is all my support, as well as my comfort.

Dol. Oh, as to that,—I'll take care she sends you down every year as much as will make your circumstances very easy:—*you* neither of you shall live on in this sordid, shameful manner,—if I can have my will.

Godi. [*Pauses.*] I cannot see how this can be done.

Dol. Easily,—easily:—why I shall get her a good husband in a little time; and she will live so happily!

Godi.—It will not do, Sir.

Dol. What will not?

Godi. *Rosina*, though low in life, has a noble soul.—Poverty is better supported than a bad conscience;

science; and gain, ill-gotten, always turns to bad account: *Rosina* is rich enough while she preserves her good name.—Your servant. [Exit.

Dol. The devil!—Where the plague has this tumpety woman got her high notions, of honour, and virtue; and I know not what stuff?—The preaching old fool!—faith! an excellent match for my good uncle: he shall turn parson; and then make up to her.—I am amazed!—The girl too?—but it shall not end so:—money, I doubt not, will do the business at the long run: *that*—properly applied,—can work wonders; and strong must be the citadel which holds out against its power. But I must to work, *cautiously*. Pox take them!—many of their betters may be had on easier terms:—ho!—*Trusty*—come hither.

SCENE III.

Enter TRUSTY.

Truf. I can nut stop, Sir, those, there same people, will want their dinners; and maister has sent me to hasten it. [Going.

Dol. What—for a minute, man!—here, here's a couple of guineas,—will they stop thy speed?

Truf. No; that they won't.—What are they for?

Dol. They are for you, honest *Trusty*. Take this purse too—

Truf. And who's that for?

Dol. *Rosina* and her mother:—I fancy they are poor; and want a little assistance.

Truf. Poor enough o' all conscience.—I like this, Sir, hugely. Yer uncle will be main glad to see you so well given: yau are very like him, Sir.

Dol. Very—very.—The old fool! [Aside.

Truf. But what do you gi' *me* munny for? I want no munny, not I;—thanks to my good maister.

Dol. No; keep it *Trusty*, keep it: you deserve it all, *Honesty*.—But,—I'll tell you what.—I should like to have a little *address* used, in delivering that same purse.

Truf. What used?

Dol. A little management, or so, *Trusty*:—this same *Godiva* seems a woman of spirit;—a good deal of pride, I fancy: now one wou'd not willingly offend, you know?

Truf. To be sure.

Dol. We must go about this business then as smoothly as we can:—no offering the purse slap-dash, without any ceremony. Thou must tell them, *Trusty*, what a *friend* they will have of me; and how very much I have their interest at my heart:—thou mayest promise them any thing.

Truf. Adds boddikins, yau're vary good:—yer uncle will be vastly pleased wi' it:—he likes this *Godiva* hugely.

Dol. And *Rosina* too?

Truf. That he does. Not a maiden i'th' village he tak's hauf so much notice on: he mak's sich a rout wi' her.

Dol. Ho, ho, does he so, *Trusty*?—I understand you.

Truf. Understand me!—aye; and why not? I did n't mean to mak' a mist'ry on it.

Dol. No, no, *Trusty*;—what for?—my wise uncle fairly taken in [*Aside*.]—It's no uncommon thing you know, *Trusty*, for a man, at his age, to like a pretty girl.

Truf. I don't know what yer driving at; not I.

Dol.

Dol. O, enough, enough, Sly-boots :—keep a good eye over these women ; and let me know how they go on :—I would fain serve them. [*Truf. goes.*] But hark ye. [*He returns.*] Dont say a word of all this to my uncle ;—I'll tell him of it myself. [*Ex. Dol.*

Truf.—What's that ? *not tell his uncle ?*—but I will tell his uncle :—its me duty to tell his uncle ; and let him find aut, an' he can, what his fine nephew's driving at :—I like not th' manner on't.—These sparks dunnut use to gi' their money for nothing ; and I'll not act a knave's part for anny boddy, how common soever it may be now-a-days :—these same guineas, often fly about to pay the devil's workmen :

A I R IX.

*Gold hath monny a maiden deceiv'd,
And made her look sad and silly ;
And men of their honour as often bereav'd,
From Cobler up to Sir Billy :*

*Like pitch it will stick ;
It probes to the quick ;
And will find each unsound part throughout ye ;
It can turn black to white ;
And make the wrong right ;
So,—both maidens, and men, look about ye.*

[*He sees Allworthy.*] Sir—Sir—

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter ALLWORTHY.

Allw. What's the matter, *Trusty*; have you any thing to say to me?

Truf. Why—yes, Sir;—I wanted sadly to tell you how good maister *Dolival* is:—he's vastly altered I think:—so generous! so tender-hearted!—why, he's as fond of *Rosina* as you can be for the life of you: [*Allworthy looks down.*] nevers talks of her but he looks, I know not how;—all on fire like:—his varry eyes sparkle wi' cumpassion for hur!

Allw. Very well.

[*Going.*

Truf. Aye, but Sir—Sir;—that is not all.—D'ye see,—he's gi'n me this purse o' gold, for her; an' these two ginnies for me sel,—for carrying it to her.

Allw. All this, at once?

Truf. Why, aye, Sir;—to be sure,—it seems a good raund sum,—to be gi'n all at once:—[*Allworthy seems disturbed.*]—what think you, Sir?—Is all reight? saund at the bottom, think ye?

Allw. No matter, Sir:—It is not your business to ask such questions.—He certainly loves her;—I suspected it the last year. [*Aside.*]

Truf. One may see, I think——

Allw. I tell you 'tis no matter what you see!—I am too much moved. [*Aside.*]—Do you hear,—do as you were bid:—carry the purse;—and take care that you discharge your office in such a manner, as not to give pain where—one would hope,—benefit was intended. Misfortunes often sharpen our sensibility,—they render the mind, it may be, too delicate; and
dispose

dispose to take offence, where no offence is intended;—we may well bear with it!—[*To Truf.*] you may possibly, find out a way to convey the purse to them without their knowing from whence it came?—I wou'd rather it were so.

Truf. [*Going.*] I understand.

Allw. But hark ye;—have you had an opportunity of talking with any body about them?

Truf. About who?

Allw. *Godiva* and her daughter.

Truf. Ho!—yes, yes:—manny of them pretend to know em; goody *Nichols*, and goody *Dobson*; aye, an' nabur *Jenks*,—but whether they do or not—

Allw. I would ask them a few questions myself.

Truf. Oh, you cannot please um better:—it gi'es um a rair opportunity for talking:—goody *Nichols*—goody *Nichols*—

[*Beckons to her. All the three Women come running.*]

Allw. It should be near dinner-time: [*Looks at his watch.*] go, hasten it, *Trusty*; those honest people must be hungry.

Truf. Ods, so! this maister *Dolival*'s put e'ery thing out of my head; and yet I want my dinner as much as onny of um. [*Exit.*]

Allw. Come hither neighbours;—I want to ask you a question or two.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter the three Women.

Goody Jenks. Thonk ye, Sur:—I con anfur um.

Geo. Dob. As to th' mattter o'that, I con anfur um as weel as yau; an' I dun na luv to stond by, an' seay nuthing.

Geo. Jen. But when I tauk, I luv to knaw y and wharefore.

Geo. Dob. I con nut see nathur yer y, nor yer wharfore, nut I, he, he, he,——

Geo. Jen. Con nut ye?—why a then, I luv tauking; and there's boath a y and a wharefore for ye. He, he, he, he,——

Allw. Well—but I want to ask you if you know——

Geo. Dob. Thot I do,—for I knaw e'ery body.

Geo. Jen. Fur the mattur o' thot—I knaw e'ery body as well as she dus, an' cud tell ye——

Allw. But, do you know——

All together. Yus, yus, yus,——

Allw. Godiva and——

All the wcm. Ave, aye, aye——

Geo. Nich. An' a main good wummun she is, Sir:—noa envy, mallice, nur hatrid in her!

Geo. Jen. Uh—noa grate wundur i' thot.

Allw. Why so, pray?

Geo. Jen. She's a gentlewumman, Sur! a gentlewumman.

Allw. Indeed?

Geo. Nich. Aye—an 'ur da'tur——

Geo. Dob. She's nut ur da'tur——

Geo. Nich. Nur 'ur da'tur!—what then?

Goody

Goo. Dob. Ur gron-da'tur——

Goo. Jen. Ur niace——

Goo. Nich. Poh, poh, poh,——

Goo. Dob. } Aye, an' foh, foh, foh,——
Goo. Jen. }

A I R X.

Goo. Nich. *Why the pize,
D'ye mack this nize,
I knaw Ruffin's her da'tur;*

Goo. Dob. } *Nea, nea, my deam,*

Goo. Jen. } *Ye are mista'en,
I knaw 'tis na sich ma'ter.*

Goo. Nich. *But I seay sa,—*

Goo. Dob. } *An' I seay neay—*

Goo. Jen. } *Na need o' all this cla'ter—*

Goo. Nich. *But I knaw beaft,—*

Goo. Dob. } *An' yau knaw least,—*

Goo. Jen. }

All tog. *Ha' dun wi' a' yer cha'ter.*

[They turn off from one another in anger.]

Allw. I may now get in a word perhaps.—*Dame Nichols*,—what do you know of *Godiva*?

Goo. Nich. Knaw of ur, Sur? whya, I knaw *this* of ur,—that she ate ur whyte bread before she ate ur braun :—sich silks!—sich ribbins!—an' naw,—poar fawl!

Allw. Do you know her family?

All tog. Yus, yus, yus. She was——

Goo. Nich. Wife to——

Goo. Jen. } Wife!

Goo. Dob. }

Goo. Nich. Aye, wife, I seay.

Goo. Jen. } Pho!

Goo. Dob. }

Goo. Nich. A foine hondsum, gentleman, Sur,—
I think they caud 'im,—*Mallincurt*—[*Allw. starts.*]
carrid ur away wi' 'im, won munday mairning.

Allw. It is enough:—the Reapers are coming:—
see, and get a good seat; and take care of yourselves;
—and your neighbours, also.

Goo. Dob. As fur th' matter o' thot, I'll tack care
o' nombur won, I'll warrunt, Ma.

SCENE VI.

Enter REAPERS.

Allw. Come, neighbours,—have ye brought a good
stomach with you.——

Reapers. That we ha'.

Allw. So much the better.—I've order'd tables to
be set—some way or other,—in the field here; and
we'll all eat together, like so many good friends.—
What a feast!

Rog. Whot a pratty seet it wod mack for his Ma-
jesty! [During this time they set the tables.]

Nich. Thot it wod:—an' he wod lickin it,
vaaastly, gud mon!

Allw. But where's *Rosina*?

Goo. Jen. Uh! she's but a glaner; mun she yeat?

Allw. She must, she must. *Trusty*, go for her and
Godiva. [Dolival stops him and goes himself.]

Goo. Dob. She as glan'd but littul to-day.

Allw. So much the worse for her.

Goo.

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Goo. Jen. } An' yut, yau see, she congi' ur sel' airs;
to } an' stond on invitation?—But I'll go
Goo. Dob. } get a gud place.

Goo. Dob. Aye; an' I'll ha' a gud dinnur tu; tho't
I'm ditarmind. [*Allworthy and the Reapers sit down.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter DOLIVAL drawing in ROSINA. GODIVA following.

Dol. *Rosina's unwilling to come, Sir.*

Allw. Here is a place:—you will please to sit on
this side me, Godiva.

Goo. Dob. [*to Goo. Jen.*] D'ye see, d'ye see? he's
setting um nex im.

Goo. Jen. A strange priffurence!

Dol. [*Going to sit down by Ros.*] Don't be so
bashful.

Allw. No, no; go to the other end of the table;
and see that your neighbours want nothing, there.

[*A mess, and a plate of meat brought for each of them.*]

Dol. [*Aside, and going.*] The old fox!

Allw. What,—are the bells ringing?

Rog. Aye, aye;—the ringers sed they wod ring
a merry peil, on yer wurship's beerth-deay:—here's
th' owd blind harpur tu; cum to gi' ye, an' ye please,
a tune.

Allw. Very well: let him give us one; and then
go to his own dinner. Come, neighbours,—let us
eat, and be thankful.

[*The harper plays a short tune, and goes out.*]

Rog. Ods boddikins! a rair dinnur:—It macks a
yung mon o' won.

Nich. Aye—but nabur—nabur;—whot gud duc-tur was chatten, thot sed astur purridge, a pot o' good bear?

Rog. A breav won; I'll worrund im!

Allw. O, I'll help you to his prescription,—some ale, *Trusty*.

Nich. Wife,—wife,—whare's my noggin?

Goo. Nich. Hare—hare.

Truf. Noggin, man? Why, it 'ill howd th' whoal pitcher.

Reapers. Mine, mine—

Allw. Here, *Trusty*, help my next neighbours.

[*Godi. and Ros. bows.*]

Goo. Dob. [*Jogging Goo. Jen.*] Loo' ye, Loo' ye, *Mar'gry*,—an' he be nut pawring aut for *Russina* 'im fel', I'll be hongd then! he, he, he.

Goo. Jen. Aye,—an's gi'ing it to ur wi' his own hond tu! he, he, he.

Goo. Dob. Uh,—there may be a raisin for it.

Goo. Jen. Aye, aye,—poar *Nancy Da'sen* for that;

Goo. Dob. What o' ur?

Goo. Jen. Hanna ye hard?

Goo. Dob. Nut a tittul.

Goo. Jen. Ah! poar saul!—sadly ta'en in! sadly! sadly!

Goo. Dob. What's th' mattur?

Goo. Jen. Some captin,—*Paunce*, I think they caal'd 'im—

Goo. Dob. What! he that's quairter'd at *Duncaif-ter*? an' uft to cum here, a woodcock shuteing?

Goo. Jen. The varry seam—the varry seam—poor *Nancy*, you know,—uft to carry her eggs to th' mar-
ket,—an' this spark,—an' won or tu moar of um,—
wod cum,—an' buy th' whoal basket; an' gi' ur,—I
don't

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don't know whot for um :—then,—he wot cum, as yau
fed,—o' woodcock stooting ;—an' taak'd, they say,—
o' marrying ur ; but no sich thing !

[*Allw. observes them.*]

Allw. Well, neighbours ; what if one of you were
to give us a song, till it is time to go to business ?

Dol. Come, a song, a song, *Rosina.*

Ros. Indeed, I cannot.

Geo. Dob. Cum, cum,—I'll gi' ye won :—I'm nut
sa squaimish : hem—hem—hem,—

———— *Charming Lilles* ———— [*Squawls.*]

Rog. Na, na, goody :—we'll ha' a sung whare a'
may bare a bob ;—an' maister tu,—an' he like it.

Allw. Thank ye, *Roger* :—I will, if I can.

A I R XI.

Rog. *What joy there's in reaping*

The Reapers only know :

They work and quaff, and talk and laugh ;

Great fo'ke mun not do so ;

Cho. *And a reaping we will go, will go, will go,*

And a reaping we will go.

Rog. *Our gud maister's wi' us,*

From morning until night ;

But not to scout, or flout us,

But, add to our delight ;

Cho. *And a reaping, &c.*

Rog. *He knows that we lov' him,*

And that will keep us tight ;

For who, for sich a maister,

Wod n't work from morn till night.

Cho. *And a reaping, &c.*

Allw.

Allw. *Then to't my brave boys,*

And get your business done;

And work and quaff, and talk and laugh;

Then boy for Harvest-home!

[*Following Allworthy.*

Cho. *We go, we go,—we go go go go go,*

And a reaping we will go.

[*Dolival goes a little way with them, but turns back and joins Godiva and Rosina as they arrive at the cottage door: Godiva puts Rosina in first, then turns about, makes a low curtsy to Dolival, and shuts the door. He expresses great resentment.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter TRUSTY.

Truf. WHY, this same purse, naw—what am I to do wi' it?—It puzzles and plagues me sadly. Let me consider—dev'lish difficult!—maister says, “let um not know where it comes from, *Trusty*: Mr. *Dolival*:—“tell um *Trusty*, that *I* sent it um—that *I* luvè um;—that *I*ll sarve um;—with a whole heap of honey words, which if they have any nowse in um, they win not gi' this for. [*Snaps his fingers.*]—naw,—what is a' this, but black, and white—bitter, and sweet;—east, and west?—But,—by yer leave,—maister *Dolival*! I think yer uncle boath a wiser, and a better man than yau are at present—what e'er ye may be;—and tharefore I'll do as he badè me.—but, first of all, whare's those ginnys he gave me?—[*Feeling for them.*]—a gud deed may be done gratis:—there—there,—[*Puts them into the purse.*] they'll go a littel towards—but hush—they'r coming out o' th' cottage,—I'll step aside and observe them.

SCENE II.

Enter GODIVA. ROSINA running after her.

Ros. Why will you load yourself with that heavy basket?—pray let me carry it to the weavers.

[*Going to take it from her.**Godi.*

Godi. [*Looking gravely.*] Be quiet.

Ros. Won't you give it me?

Godi. No.

Ros. No?—but indeed and indeed then,—I must take it from you.

[*Takes it in a sort of playfulness, and runs away with it near to the place where Trusty stands conceal'd: sets it down and returns.*]

Godi. Pshaw!

Ros. Why, in the name of wonder, will you do so?—Cannot I do such things for you? I am young.

Godi. Yes, *Rosina*; you are young;—and youth has many advantage;—but how many too are the dangers, to which it stands exposed! [*Sighs.*]

Ros. Dangers!—what dangers?

Godi. Various:—but, at your age, *Rosina*,—the greatest from what they call,—a lover. [*Ros. blushes.*] I am not angry with you my sweet child,—I love you too much to be angry with you;—but,—honour, *Rosina*,—*virgin honour*!—like a chain of orient pearls, should be kept entire:—a single one breaking away; the rest soon follow after.

Ros. I am sure; I mean not to do wrong!

Godi. I believe it—I believe it.

Ros. Have you any doubt of my conduct?

Godi. No: I would persuade myself you are prudent; and have not suffered your heart,—like too many others of your age,—to be too lightly engaged [*Rosina blushes.*] but tell me *Rosina*,—and tell me with all that frankness and sincerity, which seems due to the love I bear you,—what think you of Mr. *Dolival*?

Ros. [*Recovering herself.*] I never think of him at all;—and I hate his way of talking.

Godi.

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Godi. So much the better.

A I R XII.

*The maid who lends, a willing ear,
To love's deluding tongue;
Will find too late, the fatal snare;
And mourn her freedom gone.*

Ros. Then teach the maid, who fain would shun,
Of love, the fatal snare:—

Godi. With caution flee the flatt'ring tongue;—
Not lend a willing ear.

[Towards the end of the Song, Dolival appears, list'ning, and Trusty, having found an opportunity of laying the purse by the basket, steals off unseen.]

Ros. Ah!—do not fear me!

Godi. I do not, my child! I do not.—*[Kisses her.]*
—*[Aside.]* I'm more at ease:—innocence will never want protection!—but let us not presume!—nor expose ourselves to dangers.—*[Aloud.]* What if you were to go to the Reapers, Rosina, while I go to the weavers?

Ros. Yes; it may be as well.

Godi. But as I shall walk slowly, you had better take the key: you will want to come in before I can get back again. *[Feels in her Pocket.]*

Dol. O, ho, my old dame! Rosina at home before you?—I'll be ready to receive her. *[Goes into the cottage.]*

Godi. Where can this key be?

Ros. I do believe its in the door?

Godi. It is, it is.

Ros. I'll go and lock it.

[Goes.]

G

Godi.

Godi. [*Looking after her.*] Sweet foul!—How bad the heart, could injure so much innocence? [*Rosina double locks the door. Godiva going to take the basket, sees the purse.*]—What's here!—*Rosina*,—see what I have found!

Ros. Bless me!—a purse?—and full of gold too? Well—how lucky!

Godi. It is indeed,—if we can but find out who has lost it.

Ros. That's true;—so much money cannot be ours.—What if you were to put it on the church door that you have found such an one?

Godi. No, you shall take it to Mr. *Allworthy*;—he will probably find out the right owner.

Ros. O, dear,—I don't know how to carry it.

Godi. Why so, child?—Mr. *Allworthy* is a man the very poorest may speak freely to.

Ros. That may be;—I know no body can be better than he is;—but, for all that,—I am in such a flutter when I see him, that I never can get a word out;—but,—if you think—I—ought to carry it?—

Godi. Ay, ay; get away, my sweet girl:—Mr *Allworthy* is not one of those who will laugh at you for your bashfulness:—he knows the value of it.

[*Rosina having first taken some of the thread out, and laid it on the bank, gives the basket to Godiva, who goes out with it.*]

Ros. [*After a pause.*] No,—I can not,—signifies nothing striving:—there is always something so very kind in his looks, as makes me tremble; but—when he speaks—good law! how I do feel!

AIR XIII.

Say, O say! what makes this bosom

Throb with pains, unknown till now?

Gratitude—canst thou occasion

Sighs to heave, and tears to flow?

Is it love?—But love's a passion

Gentle, as when zephyrs blow:

How can love such pains occasion?

Say, ye learned;—you may know.

[She goes a little way, and stands considering.]

SCENE III.

Enter ROGER.

Rog. I dun nut understond maister *Trusty's* bidding ma leave off; an' go an' rest my sel. I a'n't young, to be sur;—gud threescore and neen, the last seimteenth day of Siptimbur; but for a' that, I con still do a deay's wark better thon mony a woshy spark o' one an' twenty; an' I'll be hong'd an' I'd change skins wi' um; their laced coats thrawn into the baigun.

[Rosina having gone a little way, stands considering, and then returns.]

Ros. Pray have you heard of any body that has lost a purse?

Rog. Whay,—we!—na, nut we,—beleave ma.

Ros. Because my mother has found one.

Rog. The better for hur, I trow; I'm glad on't.

Ros. Yes; but we want to have it put into your good master's hands: till the right owner is heard of.

Rog. Thattens reight—thattens reight.

Ros. Will you carry it to him?—Every body says you are a very honest man.

Rog. Onnest!—no great matter i'that, surely? I can tell you, maistress,—that boath onnesty and onner, may be fun here, as well as at coart:—but why not carry it yer sel to 'im?

Ros. I would rather not:—you would oblige me—

Rog. Well, well—I'll tak' it; an' maister shall ha it,—aye, an' as chuck full, as yau see it naw; or my neam is nut Rugur.

Ros. I do not doubt it;—but he's coming—[*Exit.*

Rog. Varry strange.

SCENE IV.

Enter ALLWORTHY.

Allw. Those women have only perplexed me,—a few words with *Godiva* would let more light into the matter, than all their talk.

Rog. An' ye please, Sur, they'n fun this purse.

Allw. Who has?

Rog. *Godiva*, an' ur datur.

Allw. And does no body own it?

Rog. Nut a Cratur.

Allw. I am glad of it.

Rog. Aye, but *Rufina* sed; I must bring it to yau.

Allw. No, no, *Roger*—'tis none of mine: carry it back to them:—they'll make a good use of it, I dare say.

Rog. [*Aside.*] Haw—haw—I begin to smell it aut: 'tis 'is awn—'tis 'is awn!

Allw. That gteen bank seems very inviting—I have

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have a great mind to take a nap upon it. [*Going towards it.*] I was up early.

[*Roger goes a little way, but stops when he hears Allworthy begin to sing.*]

A I R XIV.

Come, sweet sleep! the lab'rouer's blessing;

Which nor gold, nor gems can buy:

He is rich, while thee possessing;

They the poor, whom thou dost fly:

Anxious minds in vain implore thee;

Peaceful must thy dwelling be:

Rage, and envy can o'erpow'r thee;

Thou no friend to luxury.

Virtue only can retain thee:

(Labour's virtue in the poor.)

Her rebels rise in arms against thee,

And drive thee from their hostile door.

Come to me, thou kind restorer

Of our strength!—by nature sent:

Cordial safe, when earn'd by labour;

Poison, to the indolent.

[*Lies down.*]

Rog. Varry pratty—varry pratty! Whya naw, I'd lather be thatten mon thare—than th' Grate Mogul! I wod.—But I'll away wi' this purse. *Loase no time, when yer about a gud wark,—is a varry witty saying;—an' I larnt it o' my maister.*

[*Going, Trusty calls from the other side.*]

SCENE

THE REAPERS.

SCENE V.

Truf. Whare's maister?

Rog. Hush, hush, mon;—Whot a baalin ye mak.

Truf. An' I will bawl, an' I ha' a mind to it:—
whare's maister, I say.

Rog. Why thare, thare. [*Pointing.*]

Truf. Thare,—whare?—why, he's asleep.

Rog. Aye, aye; an' in a sweet won too:—an sich
a mon can na sleep sweetly; I know nut who con.

Truf. I'll not wakken 'im.

Rog. Wakken 'im!—na, na, na. [*Ex. severally.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter ROSINA singing; with a sheaf on her head.

AIR XV.

How nice 'twas to find,

So much corn to my mind;

A fortnight, or more it will serve us:

I can trip like a doe,

As homeward I go,

As homeward I go,

And, the heavier the load, the more joyous,

More joyous—

[*Sees Allworthy.*]

What do I see?—asleep too!—[*Sets down her corn.*]
gently,—gently:—[*Going nearer to him.*] 'tis for our
good he sleeps:—such balmy slumbers may lengthen
out his life; and lengthen out to us heaven's choicest
blessing!—'tis pleasant being poor, when living near
him;—and I'd not change with queens!—[*Goes a step*

or two nearer.] How sweet he looks!—its very hot:—
the sun beats full upon him!

[She comes a little farther off from him, and sings.

A I R XVI.

Rise, southern breeze, and speed thy way,

Where sleeps the best of men!

Around his temples softly play;

And chase each sultry beam.

But first collect from each fair flow'r,

Each fragrant plant, each balmy tree,

From myrtle-grove, from woodbine-bow'r,

Their various sweets; and take with thee.

2.

Then,—if 'tis thine?—with pleasing dreams

Impress the passive mind:

Not pomp, or wealth, the trifling themes,

But love,—of purest kind:

Let soft-ey'd pity too, be there;

For oh! I want, soft pity's aid:

Let her and love his breast prepare;

Then, pointing shew,—a love-sick maid.

One look more—*[Goes a little nearer.]* ah me! I've
waked him! *[Runs and hides herself behind a tree.*

Allw. [Coming forwards.] Some noise, I fancy waked me,—dreaming,—I think,—of *Rosina*?—The innocence, and sweet simplicity of every look, and every action, affect me strangely:—I have felt nothing like it, since I lost my lov'd *Serena*.—A sheaf of corn?—*Rosina* s sure?—She must have been here:—I'll step and see if she's at home.

Ros.

Ros. He's coming this way — [*Runs to the cottage and opens the door. Sees Dolival (who endeavours to catch hold of her) and runs to Allworthy. Dolival steals off on seeing Allworthy.*]—save me—save me—a man!

Allw. What's the matter?

Ros. A man, Sir—a gentleman, catch'd hold of me.

All. My nephew, perhaps?

Ros. It was, Sir—one might have expected better from him.

Allw. He'll be sorry when he knows he has displeas'd you.

Ros. Displeas'd me?—that he has, I am sure; and it is not the first time, neither.

Allw. Shameless man! [*Aside.*] He'll ask your pardon.

Ros. I do not desire he should ever speak to me again.

Allw. May I ask you one question, *Rosina*? I will not make an ill use of it:—pray,—whose daughter are you?

Ros. Who—I? [*She appears distress'd.*]

Allw. Yes—you, *Rosina*.

Ros. *Godiva's*, Sir—There she is!—tired to death I see;—I must go help her—

Allw. No—I'll lend her my arm. [*They meet her.*]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter GODIVA.

Ros. [Taking hold of her hand.] You quite kill yourself.

Allw. Come, my good neighbour, lean upon me.

Godi. I am sorry to give you this trouble, Sir.

Allw. You seem much fatigued,—pity but you could sit down.

[*Ros.* runs to the cottage, and brings two seats.

Godi. You are very good, Sir:—good to me;—good to my daughter:—permit me to thank you for all your kindness to that sweet child.

Allw. O, nothing—nothing;—but, as I should be very glad to serve both her and you; I wish you would oblige me with a few minutes conversation?

[*Dolival* appears listening.

Godi. *Rosina*, you will go to the weaver's, for a piece of cloth; which was rather too heavy for me to bring.

[*Exit Rosina.* *Allworthy* and *Godiva* sits down, and seem to converse.

Dol. *Rosina* going to the weaver's?—Let me to work then.

[*Goes hastily.*

Allw. But I ask it as a favour that you would speak freely to me:—I know that *Melin*——

Godi. Sir!

All. I say, I know already, that——

Godi. *Melincour* was, my husband:—*Rosina*,—his daughter! titles we need not be ashamed of.

Allw. Nor will disgrace.

Godi. I hope not!—but I am only mother-in-law to *Rosina*.

H

Allw.

All. The greater your merit in taking such care of her.

Godi. What I could,—I did :—her nearest relations disclaimed her ;—and that poverty, which should have mov'd their compassion, only mortified their pride.

Allw. Amazing !—that the very circumstance which ought to strengthen the ties of nature ; and draw mankind still nearer to one another, should be the shameful cause of breaking those bonds asunder ! I do not wonder they complain.

Godi. Excuse me, Sir, if I take the liberty to say, that in such cases, the poor relation should be ashamed to own the rich ;—not the rich, the poor.

Allw. Ashamed !—*Rosina* would have been a credit to them—but why not *try*, at least, what my thoughts would have been on the occasion ?—I, almost, take it ill.

Godi. Alas,—I could not tell :—I feared :—besides,—it is wounding, very wounding, Sir ! to those who have any true nobility of spirit,—and such may, sometimes be found among the very poorest,—it is very wounding to ask for bread !—nor can they well submit to it, till they have tried every other *honest* means :—I did think sometimes to apply to you.

Allw. I wish you had :—on more accounts than one I wish it ! [*Aside.*]—I will endeavour—but I see my nephew coming : give me leave to lead you to your cottage for a short time. [*He leads her to the door.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter DOLIVAL.

Dol. I've sprung the game,—the devil's in the wind if I miss it! such reptiles to give themselves airs about honour! the fools I suppose fancied one should like them the better for it, but they carried the farce too far.

Allw. So, *Dolival*,—what, not a shooting?

Dol. No, Sir, no,—it signifies nothing going out with your dogs.

Allw. Nay, I fancy its pleasanter talking with *Rosina*.

Dol. *Rosina*!

Allw. Aye, *Rosina*:—it is not long, I think, since you came from her house?

Dol. O,—I did, I did, Sir: I was devilishly tired with walking; and so, I slept in; and sat down; but no *Rosina* there, Sir. [Laughs.]

Allw. It may be so. But what green purse was that, *Dolival*?

Dol. The old traitor! [*Aside.*—Why, Sir, since you will have it; I sent it to *Godiva*:—I knew they were poor; and I'd a mind to help them a little, unknown to any body, but your *honest Trusty*:—its wrong to make a parade of these sort of actions.

Allw. You say right: it would tarnish the very best —But, to the point, *Dolival*;—and I wish you would deal ingenuously;—do not you love *Rosina*?

Dol. Love *Rosina*!

Allw. Why not?—she's very pleasing; and, from what I have observed, you seem not a little pleased with her.

Dol. Pleas'd !—when one's in the country, Sir, one must do something: *I* am young; and *she* is pretty: 'twas amusing enough, to trifle with her now and then,—but 'tis such an innocent, simple sort of a thing; and the old woman keeps such watch and ward over her, that faith, I begin to be tired of the sport; and shall give it over, I believe.

Allw. What if we should try to make 'em more tractable?

Dol. You are merry, Sir.

Allw. Never more serious, Sir:—I love you, *Dolival*.—

Dol. I am obliged to you, Sir.—

Allw. But your present way of life, is far from being pleasing to me:—now it seems to me, my friend; that *love* is the most likely to make what *I* should call a good man of you.

Dol. Please to go on, Sir.

Allw. I speak from experience.—In my younger days, I acted the same ridiculous part, thou dost at present:—example, carried me into many of the follies, though not the vices of the age; but an ardent, yet delicate passion for an amiable, virtuous woman, opened mine eyes, and reclaimed me from all my wanderings:—I grew ashamed when, after the nicest observation, I could discover none of them in her.

A I R XVII.

*I once, thoughtless, like thee,
Liv'd, what thou callest, free;
Though to folly, and fashion, a slave:
Till Serena the sweet!
With each virtue replete,
Broke my chains; and true liberty gave.*

With

2.

*With looks, full of love ;**Still more mild than the dove ;**She bent me, like wax, to her will :**Her impression, I took ;**A wise lesson, each look ;**I improv'd,—for love join'd with her skill.**Dol.* Charming preceptresses, uncle !*Allw.* They are :—and seldom would fail of making good scholars ; would the ladies but consider it.*Dol.* I am entirely of your mind, Sir.*Allw.* Your hand.—I'll help you to gain *Rosina*.*Dol.* You're not in earnest ?*Allw.* Never more so. I have long observed your passion !—and cannot,—in conscience,—blame your attachment :—if it depends on my power, this very day you shall——*Dol.* Delightful !——*Allw.* Marry *Rosina*.*Dol.* Marry her ?—no, no, Sir ;—not so great a fool as that, neither :—you think worse of me than I deserve.*Allw.* I don't, I don't.—I shall give her a fortune.*Dol.* You give her a fortune, Sir ?*Allw.* Why not, Sir ?—I hope I may do what I please with my own.*Dol.* To be sure, Sir !—all the reason in life, Sir ! But as to myself ;—marriage is not in my present plan, Sir !—I am too young,—and too honest to engage in it :—I want no nurse yet, you see ;—none of
your

your hobblers, Sir!—[*He walks gouty.*]—Some five or six years hence, I may begin to look out for one.

[*Laughs.*]

Allw. It's very well, Sir:—then *Melincour's* daughter must dispose of herself elsewhere.

Dol. Who, Sir?

Allw. *Melincour's* daughter, Sir;—and my heir.

Dol. *Rosina*?

Allw. Nothing less, I do assure you.

Dol. But why not tell me this before?—lord, Sir!—

Allw. Oh—*marriage* is not in your plan, you know?

Dol. The wish of my very soul, Sir!—I doat on the charming girl!—such mildness, sweetness; genuine modesty; unsuspecting innocence!—O, Sir! how happy—but, confusion! this very moment—

[*Goes out hastily.*]

Allw. The man's mad, surely.

SCENE II.

Enter TRUSTY.

Truf. Nabur Tomson, Sir, is come about some justice business. [A pistol shot off at a distance.]

Allw. Very well, I'll come to him. [Going.]

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter GODIVA. DOLIVAL following.

Godi. Help, help, help ! They have carried away
Rosina.

Allw. It cannot be !

Godi. They have, indeed !

Allw. [to *Trusty*.] Take the Reapers.

Dol. I'll go—

Allw. No : you stay here.—I guess the villain.

[*Aside.*

Godi. I heard her cries ; and made what haste I could,—but,—she was gone !—— [Throws herself into the chair.]——My child ! my child !——

[*Weeps.* *Allworthy* appears much disturbed : *Dolival* agitated : all silent. After a short time.

SCENE X.

Enter TRUSTY and ROGER.

Truf. Be easy, Sir ;—they'n recovered ur.

Godi. [Starting up.] Where ?—where ?

Rog. [Going to her.] Sit dawn, nabur, sit dawn :—she'll be here presently.

Allw. How was it, pray ?

Rog. Whya, Sur, we hard a sad outcry ; an' so we a' ran crofs th' fields : I,—being pratty nimble,—gat up first ; an, katch'd hou'd o' one o' th' horses :—villain shot at ma, but I car'd not for't :—an I had deed, I had deed in a good cause ; an' *that* is summut !

Godi.

Godi. More than my life I owe you!

Rog. O, thay're a' here—those honest lads help'd ma tightly.

SCENE XI.

Enter ROSINA and REAPERS.

Godi. My child!

[*Embrace.*

Ros. My mother!—O, thank him, thank him,—thank that good old man!

Godi. Heaven will repay him!

Allw. I fear to ask,—but did you know the villain?

Rog. No, Sur, nut we; but, to be sure, he mun be won o' maister *Dolival's* frinds; for he'd lent um 'is chaife.

Allw. Haft thou been capable—

Dol. Your pardon, Sir;—I'll frankly own the whole truth to you. I love *Rosina*,—to distraction! My passion for her brought me down from *London*, so much sooner than you expected:—I tried by gentler means to gain her affection;—but, not succeeding; my pride was piqued, as well as my passion enflamed; and I resolved upon other measures. It seemed to me, that a girl, so obscure, was of too little consequence ever to be enquired after; and doubted not but a change to affluence and ease, from hard labour, and hard living, would soon reconcile her to her station; and make her not only forgive, but thank the bold adventurer. You see, Sir, the principles I went upon:—not bear the nicest test perhaps?—but I love to deal openly; and would not disown the truth, Sir—though in complaisance to you.

Allw.

Allw. *Disown the truth, Sir?*—it would be virtue in you if you did it here.—What?—make my house the convenience for breaking through that respect which is always due to innocence; to seduce, if in your power, an unwary maid?—away—I disclaim you!—relation,—friend,—you have dissolved those sacred ties, by shewing yourself unworthy of them;—I loved you;—perhaps,—too tenderly,—[*Putting his handkerchief to his eyes.*] but my tenderness must turn into contempt; and you are now—less than a stranger to me.

Dol. I am sorry, Sir—I have offended you,—I did not mean,—and hope to have your forgiveness when I assure you, that I am willing to make reparation to *Rosina*.—I'll marry her this very moment, Sir.

Allw. Her consent should seem necessary.

Dol. To be sure,—but one cannot suppose—[*Goes to Rosina.*]—my sweet *Rosina*—

[*She throws her arms about Godiva's neck.*]

Ros. Can you bear this!

Godi. No, Sir, no:—the man who aims at seducing the woman he loves, is not worthy of her:—not if you were an emperor!

Ros. O, thank you, thank you, for refusing him!

Allw. What dignity of mind!—[*After a pause.*] I know a man, *Rosina*, whose affection for you is not less ardent than that—[*Pointing at Dolival.*] but more respectful and sincere:—I know—

Ros. O, Sir!—do not deprive me of the happiness of spending all my days in this place;—with the best of mothers!—I cannot—

Allw. She's not less dear to me.—You refuse me too, *Rosina*?

[*Godiva and Dolival start. Rosina raises her eyes and looks tenderly on Allworthy; but lets them fall again without speaking.*

Godi. What do I hear?

Dol. I'm punished;—but I deserve it.

Allw. How am I to interpret this silence, *Rosina*?—You ask time to consider?—

Ros. O! no,—I need not:—I've lov'd you long.

Allw. What charms appear in frankness and sincerity!—delightful innocence!—give me this hand then, [Takes her hand and kisses it.

She does the same by his.

Godi. Blessings on your heads!

[*Godiva, Allworthy and Rosina talk together.*

Rog. I'm glad on't, wi' a' my heart. But what am I to du wi' this purse here?—*Rosina* win nut ha' it.

Dol. Keep it yourself then.

Rog. I keap it at your biddin?—na,—na.

Dol. Why not? since it is mine.

Rog. Yaur's, is it? ay, ay,—I'll tack it then,—an gi't among th' Reapers;—they'n made a rair deays wark on it.

Truf. [Clapping him on the shoulder.] That's right, old honesty! we'll tack care o' thee boy!

[*They give the money to the Reapers.*

Dol. I take my leave, Sir:—nor will return till you shall not be ashamed to own me for your nephew!

Allw. May you be as dear to me as ever!—'Tis in your power, *Dolival*;—and the sooner the more pleasing to me.

[*Dolival bows respectfully to him and Rosina, and goes out.*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Truf. Hey,—why,—what, are ye coming hither?

Const. Aye, aye; we nob but wanted to speak a word or two wi' maister.

Allw. I'm sorry I made you wait: what wou'd you, pray?

Const. Whya, an ye please, Sur;—we wor farching about for vagrants, wi' yer worship's warrant; an' we foncey,—we've fun a *Jesuit*.

Allw. A *Jesuit*—why so, pray?

Const. Nay—I knaw not; but he was soa fair, an' foin-spokken that we thout he must be won: he taaks o' ha'ing bin mead a slave on; and I knaw nut whot; but he gi'es but a leam accaunt on's sel'.

Allw. Where is he?

Const. Thay're bringing 'im:—he'd no great mind to shew 'imself; an' that maed us moar ditarmin'd.

SCENE XIII.

Enter the Constable's men, with the Stranger.

Allw. [*Going towards him.*] Your servant—

Godi. [*Shrieks out.*] My husband!

Melin. [*Running to her.*] My *Godiva*.—O, Providence!

Godi. *Rosina*, too!

[*Presenting her.*]

Melin. Is *this* the smiling babe I left behind me? too much!—too much!—[*Embraces her.*]—and what are you, Sir?—another blessing kept in store for *Melincour*?

Allw. Your cousin, Sir;—if you submit to own me:—your son,—if you give leave.

Mel. I'm all amazement!—a life of wonders!—shipwrecked!—saved!—a slave!—escaped from slavery!—O, my *Godiva*! what I have suffered in these twelve long years?—But—so have you!

Allw. They're over:—and all to come, I trust, is happiness:—*mine*, is in your power.

Mel. Alas!—I know not;—*Godiva*,—say—

[*Looking at Allworthy.*]

Godi. The worthiest of mankind!

Mel. O, take her!—take my daughter:—and may her father's sorrows be multiplied in blessings on her head!

Allw. A parent's prayer,—a happy augury!—I thank you on my knees.

Ros. And ought not I? [*Mel. embraces them.*]

Godi. O, what a day!

Truf. Ads--me--heart! I cou'd cry like a bairn, for varry joy.

Allw. Join with me, my *Rosina*.—

A I R XVIII.

Allw. Peace—sweet peace! with downy pinion;

Smoothly lead thy vot'ries on:

Ros. Smile propitious, on our union;

Gild each rising, setting, sun!

Allw. Innocence, (its purest source)

Ros. Soul of pleasure!

Allw. Choicest treasure!

Both. Make our paths, the paths of peace.

CHO.

THE REAPERS.

61

CHORUS. VARIATIONS.

Mel. Godi. } *Happy, happy, happy, happy, happy,*
and } *happy, happy, happy, happy, happy,*
Reapers. } *pair.*

May you ever happy prove !

Free from tumult, strife, and care ;

Blest with peace, as blest with love !

Allw. } *Innocence—(its purest source)*

and } *Soul of pleasure ;*

Rosina. } *Choicest treasure ;*

Make our paths, the paths of peace !

Mel. Godi. } *Make their paths, the paths of peace !*

and Reapers } *[Exeunt Omnes.*

together.

[As the curtain is letting down,

Rosina returns in haste.

Ros. Stop—stop—*[They draw it up again.]* your
patience, pray—*[Curties.*

EPILOGUE.

Our Author's trembling for his moral scenes ;—

“ Rank Methodism ! they say ; or, that way leans : ”

But let not names affright ;—they're common-sense ; }

And, what may better serve for their defence, }

You see they're new ; and came but late from France : }

Then try his Fashions ;—see how they fit on you :—

Try, e'er you blame ;—my life on't they'll become you.

Th:

The TUNES, to which the several Airs may be adapted.

AIR 1st. O my kitten, &c.—(*beginning with the latter part of the tune, and sung in very slow time.*)

2d. The heavy hours, &c.

3d. Let ambition, &c.

4th. How happy could I be with either, &c.

5th. Christ Church bells.

6th. Vien que l'examine, &c.

7th. La Pastorrella, &c.

8th. Pious Selinda, &c. or, the first of August.

9th. Cold and raw, &c.

10th. Jack Latin.

11th. A begging we will go, &c.

12th. The Miser thus a shilling views, &c.

13th. Quanto mai, &c.

14th. Ode in Demetrius.

15th. The early horn, &c.

16th. Go, gentle gales, &c.

17th. When the bright god of day, &c.

18th. Minuet in the fifth of Stanley, —with the variations for the Chorus.

As the above Tunes have been objected to by some, “as too old, too simple, and too common for the reigning taste;” it is offered in their defence, That the Translator endeavoured to have some meaning in his Songs;—that they often make a part of the argument, or conversation then carrying on; and therefore it was the more necessary that what sense there is in them, should not be altogether lost in sound; it not

not being his design only to furnish an occasion for an “*admirable pipe* to display itself, in order to please the *practised ear* ;” but the whole of what was either to be sung or said, was intended to be solely directed to what we have still left of Nature among us ; a sure proof there was no aim at universal approbation.

FINIS.

not being his design only to furnish the occasion for
an elaborate and to display itself, in order to please
the public eye, but the whole of what was either
to be said or said, was intended to be fully directed
to what we have called of Nature and man, as a law
great there was no aim at universal application.